From Pillar To Post

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From Pillar To Post

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Summary

Seduced by your co workers piss bottle in the cup holder

Notes

Hopefully one of the few, if ONLY piss fics I ever write

This will not become a habit nor a newfound fetish of mine, and I will not even give it the chance to develop

Anyways happy April fools lol, figured it was pretty much the perfect occasion for some dumb shit like this

All I'm saying though is if I was in this situation, I wouldn't have done it okay. This story is not reflective of the writer but more so the people who read it. You all should be ashamed of yourselves.

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The heat in Sargon was, well, yeah. Hot. Very, very hot.

A shimmering golden haze that turned the horizon into a wavering lie. Inside the cabin of the Penguin Logistics transport truck, the air was a thick, stagnant soup of dust, recycled oxygen, and sun-baked metal.

Mostima sat casually behind the oversized wheel, her posture as relaxed as if she were cruising down a Lungmen boulevard rather than navigating a treacherous, baked-clay trail through the interior of the empire. She had long since shed her heavy coat, leaving it crumpled in the footwell. Now, she wore only her white sleeveless shirt, the fabric dampened by sweat and clinging to her skin. Her blue hair was a messy nest, some of the loose, damp strands plastered to her forehead, but her eyes remained unnervingly bright—as if the sun itself couldn't quite touch her.

You were sprawled in the passenger seat, your boots propped up on the dashboard. Every few minutes, you'd adjust the vents, but they only served to blow more lukewarm air into your face. You took a long, desperate pull from a sweating canteen, the water tasting faintly of plastic and minerals.

"You know," you wheezed, wiping a hand across your brow, "I've heard the 'Golden City' is supposed to be legendary, but at this rate I'd settle for any other one of the towns as long as they have a functioning fan."

Mostima let out a soft chuckle, her hands moving with effortless grace as she steered the truck around a rock formation. "Patience is a virtue, especially in Sargon. Besides, the heat has its own charm, doesn't it? It strips everything down to the essentials."

"The 'essentials' currently include me melting into this upholstery," you retorted, glancing over at her. Despite the brutal conditions, she looked remarkably composed. Her dim, charcoal halo flickered occasionally, casting a faint, rhythmic shadow against the roof of the cab. "How are you not complaining? Even the Sarkaz mercenaries back at the last outpost looked like they were ready to pack it in."

"I've spent a lot of time in places people aren't meant to be," she said, her voice carrying that trademark nonchalance that always made her feel miles away, even when she was right next to you. "You get used to the friction of the world. Or you learn to ignore it. Want some music? I think I have some classic rock somewhere in the dash."

"No, the engine's loud enough," you sighed, shifting your weight. Your eyes drifted down to the center console, landing on a clear plastic bottle tucked into the cup holder. It was mostly full of a warm, amber liquid. You groaned, covering your face with your hands. "Mostima, seriously? Again?"

She glanced down, a playful, wry smile curling the corners of her lips. "What? It's useful. We would have lost time, we're behind on the one spice shipment as it is. Stopping every time nature calls is a luxury we can't afford with all the bandits out here."

"It's disgusting," you laughed, though there was a genuine edge of exasperation to it. "We have a whole cargo bay in the back. Put your... piss back there. I'm sitting right next to it. One sharp turn and I'm wearing the highlights of your morning hydration."

Mostima let out a bright, genuine laugh this time, the sound bouncing off the cramped walls of the cab. "Oh, give me some credit. I'm a professional transporter. I haven't spilled a drop in three years. Besides, it's a part of the journey. Authenticity, right?"

"There is nothing authentic about a piss-bottle, Mostima. That's just called being disgusting," you joked, kicking the dashboard lightly. "You're literally an angel of Laterano. Don't you have some divine decree against this?"

"The Law is very specific about a lot of things," she mused, her gaze returning to the road ahead, her tone shifting back to that airy quality. "But I don't recall a passage regarding plastic containers full of urine in the Sargonian desert. Perhaps I'm pioneering a new tradition for Sankta."

She reached out with one hand, her white-gloved fingers briefly brushing your shoulder as she adjusted the gear shift. The contact was brief, but in the sweltering heat, her skin felt surprisingly cool.

"Don't worry," she added, her eyes crinkling with mischief. "If we hit a bump, I'll make sure that I catch most of the spill. I'd hate for you to have a bad review of our road trip."

"Just drive," you muttered, leaning your head back against the seat and closing your eyes, unable to keep the grin off your face despite the heat.

Slowly, the desert gave way to the sandstone outskirts of a Sargon city hub. The transition from the silent, slow dunes to the cacophonous,

well traveled chaos of the marketplace was jarring. Mostima steered the truck with a casual flick of her wrist, threading the massive vehicle through narrow gaps between stalls and livestock with the precision of a surgeon.

"See? No spills, no thrills, and we're only forty minutes behind schedule," Mostima teased. She pulled the truck into a shaded alleyway, the engine dying with a heavy shudder. The sudden silence was filled instantly by the distant roar of the crowds.

She reached over, patting your knee with a gloved hand. "You're still staring at it, aren't you? Honestly, for an elite Operator, you're remarkably preoccupied with my hydration habits. I'll dump it out once we find a proper drain, I promise. Scout's honor—or something like that."

"It's nasty, Mostima," you muttered, though the heat had sapped the real venom from your voice. "And you're not a scout, not even close."

"Guilty as charged," she chirped, already sliding out of the driver's seat. She moved to the back of the truck, the heavy curtains parting as she rummaged through the crates. "This delivery is for an old acquaintance of mine. Someone who doesn't like to be kept waiting, but who also likes to talk. Stay here, keep the engine cool, and watch the cargo. I might be a while."

You watched her through the side mirror as she hopped down onto the dusty pavement. Even without her heavy coat, she looked strikingly out of place—a short blue-haired girl with a halo navigating a sea of tan robes and colorful silks. She didn't look back, disappearing into the throng with that ghost-like gait that made her seem like she was gliding through a different timeline than everyone else.

The cabin grew quiet. And then, naturally, it grew hot. Hotter and hotter by the minute. Without the movement of the truck, the air became stagnant. You leaned your head back against the headrest, closing your eyes, but the sensory input of Sargon was inescapable. The smell of food and incense, the low-frequency hum of the originium generators.

Your eyes drifted open, scanning the dashboard for a distraction. A stray logbook. A discarded snack wrapper. And then, inevitably, a bottle.

It sat nestled in the cup holder, bathed in a direct shaft of sunlight that pierced through the windshield. The light hit the plastic at just

the right angle, refracting through the liquid until it glowed with an intense, almost radioactive gold. It looked less like waste and more like some kind of potion—a concentrated essence of Mostima's long hours behind the wheel.

A stray thought, unbidden and intrusive, flickered through your mind like a spark in a dry forest. I wonder what it smells like.

You immediately recoiled mentally, a flush of heat that had nothing to do with the sun rising to your cheeks.

Gross.

What is wrong with you?

You looked out the window, trying to focus on a street performer juggling knives, but your internal monologue wouldn't shut up. She's a Sankta. Well, mostly. Does their biology even work like ours?

The thought morphed, growing more daring. Would it taste like her? That detached, cool sweetness she carried? Or would it just be the bitter, salty reality of a body pushed to its limit in the desert?

You shifted uncomfortably in your seat, the sweat-slicked fabric of your uniform sticking to your skin. You knew Mostima was a mystery that even Rhodes Island couldn't fully solve. There was something maddeningly intimate about sitting next to the most private, discarded part of her while she was off playing ghost in the city. The bottle seemed to pulse in the periphery of your vision, a golden idol of your own boredom and the strange, twisted bond you shared with the transporter.

You reached out, your fingers hovering inches from the plastic, heart hammering against your ribs. Just a curiosity, you told yourself, the logic of the desert heat warping your sense of propriety. Just to see if —

Suddenly, the truck rocked slightly as someone leaned against the exterior. You yanked your hand back as if burned, staring straight ahead at the dusty windshield, your breath hitching in your throat. It was just a passerby, but the spell was broken—or so you tried to tell yourself, even as your gaze drifted back to the glowing amber liquid one more time.

Your gaze was a magnet, and that bottle was the North Pole.

It’s just curiosity, the voice in your head whispered—a voice that sounded dangerously like Mostima’s own playful lilt. You’re an Operator. You’re supposed to be observant. You’re supposed to understand your partner’s... biology. For mission readiness.

It was a lie, a thin, pathetic veil over a sudden, intrusive hunger for the taboo. You looked left, then right. The crowds were a blur, no one paying any mind to the nondescript delivery truck tucked in the shadows. With a hand that trembled more than you cared to admit, you reached out.

The plastic was warm—uncomfortably so, vibrating with the residual heat of the desert sun and the girl who had filled it. You picked it up. It felt heavier than it looked, the liquid sloshing around inside. You felt a wave of shame wash over you, hot and prickly like a rash, but you didn't put it down.

Slowly, your thumb found the edge of the cap. Skritch. Skritch. The sound of the plastic seal opening felt like a gunshot in the quiet cabin. You paused, heart hammering against your ribs like a trapped bird.

Then, you tilted it. Just a centimeter.

You leaned in, your nose hovering over the opening. You expected something sharper, something a little more akin to the generic stench of human waste. But instead, a faint, heady musk wafted up. It was concentrated, salty, and even strangely floral to your brain, like the ghost of those expensive tea cakes she was always snacking on.

You breathed in deeper, your eyes fluttering shut. The shame was still there, but it was being drowned out by a dizzying sense of intimacy. You were holding a piece of Mostima in your hands. Without thinking, your grip tightened. Your thumb brushed the rim.

Your mind went blank, the heat and the boredom and the proximity of her presence all coalescing into one singular, reckless impulse. You began to tilt the bottle toward your open lips, the golden liquid shimmering just inches away—

"Find something interesting to pass the time?"

The voice was like a bucket of ice water over your soul.

You jolted so violently your head nearly hit the roof. The bottle slipped, your frantic attempt to catch it only making things worse. Amber liquid splashed out, soaking into the thigh of your uniform and

splashing across your hand before you managed to jam the cap back on and shove it into the holder.

Mostima was leaning against the doorframe, her arms crossed over her chest. She hadn't even opened the door yet; she was just looking through the open window, her eyes wide and glittering with amusement so smug it hurt.

"I... I was... the heat!" you stammered, your voice three octaves too high. You grabbed a discarded napkin and began scrubbing at your leg with frantic, useless motions. "It was—the pressure! I thought the bottle was going to explode from the heat! I was just... checking the seal! Venting it!!"

Mostima didn't move. She just watched you, her head tilting slightly to the side.

"Venting," she repeated, her voice a low, melodic purr. "Is that what they’re calling it these days? I didn't realize piss bottles need that."

"It’s not—I wasn't—" You felt like you were going to spontaneously combust. The smell was everywhere now, clinging to your skin, a damp, warm reminder of your own insanity. "I was just bored, Mostima! My brain is fried! I wasn't going to... I didn't..."

"You didn't?" She finally opened the door, climbing back into the driver's seat with a grace that made your frantic scrubbing look even more pathetic. She leaned in close, her dim halo casting a shadow over your face.

"You know," she whispered, her voice dropping to a confidential, teasing simmer, "if you wanted a taste of it, you could have just asked."

She reached out, her finger tracing the damp spot on your uniform. "But I suppose this is one way to keep me close to you for the rest of the trip."

"There we go." she chirped as she keyed the engine. Though she didn't put the truck in gear. Instead, she reached over with a slow, deliberate grace and plucked the warm plastic bottle from the console.

"You can deny it all you want," she hummed, the sound vibrating deep in her throat. Her blue hair fell over her eyes as she leaned back into your personal space, the scent of sun-warmed skin suddenly overwhelming. "But there isn’t much else you could have been doing

yknow."

"I told you, it was the heat!" you snapped, your voice cracking. You tried to press yourself back into the seat, but there was nowhere to go. Your face was a searing, brilliant crimson, the heat of your shame rivaling the desert sun outside. "I was just—I was bored! Stop looking at me like that!"

Mostima did no such thing. She reached out with her free hand, her fingers wrapping firmly around your wrist. With a gentle strength that reminded you she was a veteran operator, she forced your hand upward, curling your fingers around the damp plastic of the bottle.

She leaned down, her lips brushing the shell of your ear, her breath a hot, teasing caress. "You know, curiosity is a dangerous thing for people in our field. It leaves you... hungry. And I hate to see a partner of mine go hungry when the solution is right here in their hand."

"Mostima, don't—"

"Shh," she whispered, her voice a silk-wrapped command. "If you were so desperate for a taste of my secrets while I was gone, why stop now? Why wait for another long stretch of road? You can empty this for me right now. Satisfy that nasty little itch in your brain, and help me clear some space up front. Two birds, one stone."

Before you could pull away, she kept pushing. Her hand stayed locked over yours, guiding the rim of the bottle toward your lips. You tried to clench your jaw, to turn your head, but the sheer, magnetic weight of her presence—and the intoxicating, twisted logic of the moment—stole your resolve.

"Open up," she urged, her eyes wide and dark with a predatory sort of glee.

The first splash hit your tongue, and it was exactly as the scent had promised: concentrated, salty, and carrying that strange, light undertone. It was warm—unnervingly, bodily warm. You gagged, a reflex that only allowed more of the golden liquid to flow in.

"There we go," Mostima purred, her eyes never leaving yours. She began to tilt your hand back further, forcing the bottle higher. "Drink up. Every drop. Don't let a single bit of me go to waste, okay? You wanted to know what I was made of, right?. Now you’re finding out."

You swallowed hard, your throat working rhythmically as you

struggled to keep up with the flow. It was a dizzying, humiliating rush. Some of it escaped the corner of your mouth, a warm trail trickling down your chin and mixing with the sweat on your neck, but Mostima didn't care. She seemed fascinated by the sight, her long, blue tongue darting out to lick her own lips as she watched you finish up the liquid.

When the last of it finally drained, leaving the bottle light and empty in your trembling grip, Mostima finally let go of your wrist. She sat back in her seat, a triumphant, wicked glint in her eyes.

"Wow," she breathed, a short, sharp laugh escaping her. "I knew you were dedicated to the job, but I didn't realize you were such a little pervert. I leave you alone for twenty minutes and you turn to drinking piss."

You slammed the empty bottle back into the cup holder, your chest heaving, the taste of her still coating your mouth and throat. The irritation was the only thing shielding you from the absolute meltdown of your dignity.

"Shut up," you hissed, wiping your mouth with the back of your hand and staring straight out the windshield, refusing to look at her smug face. "Just... just drive, Mostima. We're behind schedule."

"Whatever you say, partner," she chirped, finally shifting the truck into gear. She let out one last, laugh as she pulled back out into the dusty street. "But don't worry. I'll make sure to stay well-hydrated for the next leg of the trip. Just for you."

End Notes

Watching another man drown while you die of thirst

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